"Frosts of June" in Australia: Snow Sports Amid Leafy Trees.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.

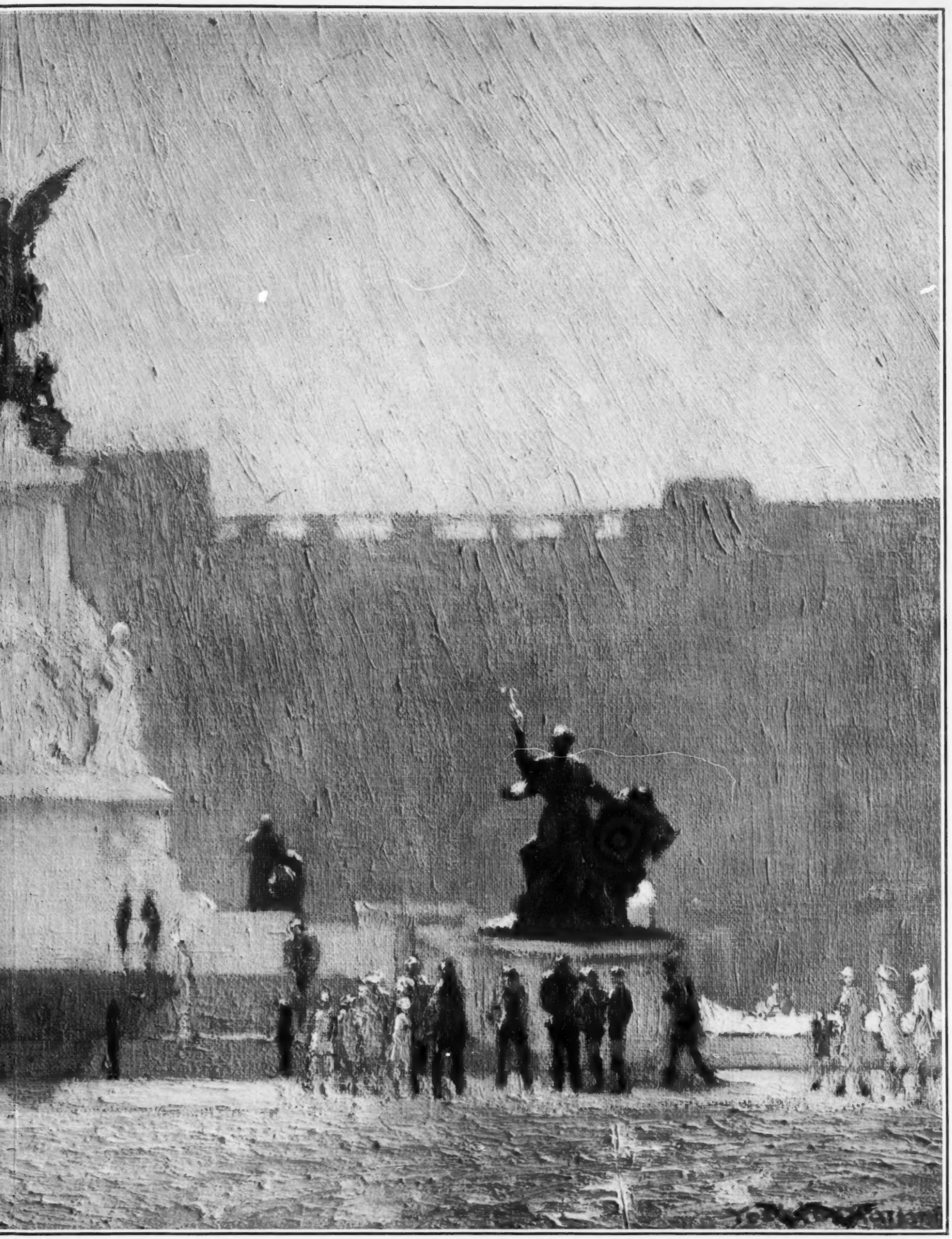
SKI-ING IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS, AMONG GUM-TREES WHICH RETAIN FOLIAGE THROUGH THE YEAR: A JOYOUS SCENE OF WINTER SPORT NOW IN FULL SWING AT THE ANTIPODES.

As, in January, England's frosts and fogs find counterpart in Australia's brightest sunshine, so, in June, county cricket, club tennis, and the varied attractions of coast, river, and countryside are offset by snow sports on the Alps of New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania; but with this difference: while Britain's winter cold, unconfined to mountainous districts, is more or less ubiquitous, an Australian may ski and toboggan and plunge into the combers of a sun-drenched coast without a shiver—all within a couple of days or so. The increasing popularity of snow sports in Australia during the past decade has led to the formation of enthusiastic ski clubs and the establishment of first-class châlets and roomy, up-to-date guest-houses, which provide all the necessary sports impedimenta, at such centres as Mt. Kosciusko and Mt. Buffalo National Park, on the mainland, as well as on the high ground of Tasmania. A curious although extremely picturesque feature of Australian snow scenery is the presence of the fully-foliaged eucalypt or gum-tree, which, although shedding its bark seasonally, retains its leaves at all heights and in all latitudes.

THE HEART OF

A YOSHIO MARKINO STUDY OF THE VICTORIA

Mr. Yoshio Markino, the distinguished Japanese artist whose work is familiar to our readers from previous reproductions (such as his studies of Westminster Abbey and of the Temple Gardens given in colour in our issue of June 21 last year), sends us the following characteristic note on the above example of his art : "For artists to find out paintable subjects in London is as easy as for sparrows to search their foods. The little birds never worry about to-morrow's victuals, as The Bible says. Even so I never fix my mind what to paint when I go out sketching, but always come home with my head as much surfeited as a sparrow's stomach in the evening. Once, crossing Mall, I had to wait on the little island on the midst of the road while a few cars pass Vict I r mer Yor



OF LONDON.

TORIA MEMORIAL AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

passed by, and I casually looked towards the Buckingham Palace. Lo! That glorious view! It was about 5 p.m. when the sun was just above the Victoria Memorial. (The sun is high at that time in Summer.) I was as much delighted as when a sparrow found a big butterfly by a mere luck! I rushed back to my studio, carrying this impression in my head. And it took me several days to digest this sumptious dish—I mean to paint it from memory. While staying in New York, I was invited to a dinner party, where all the guests started to discuss about the scieneries in London and New York. One lady exclaimed! 'At any rate, we cannot deny that London has some majestic views!'"—[FROM THE PAINTING BY YOSHIO MARKINO.]

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